

The second Part of Unfortunate JACK.

Jack comes once more upon the Stage
And shows the people of the Age
His fortunes bad, his discontents,
And finally his banishment;
And whatsoever of him I hear,
I purpose so you to declare;
Being full of honest mirth and wits,
The merryest book that ever was writ.

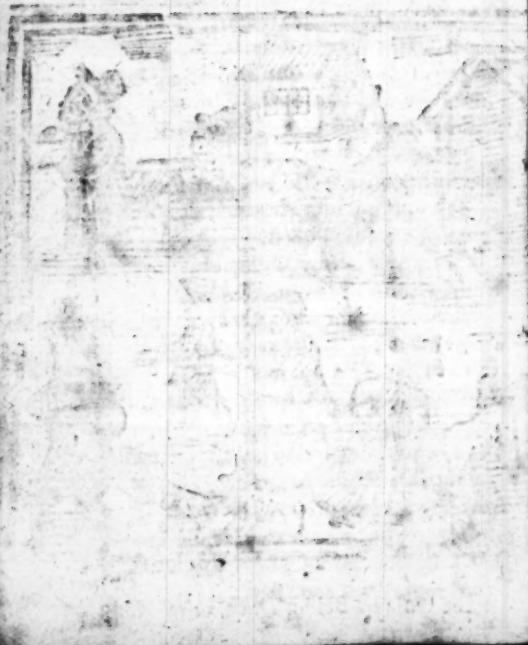


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THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1660





The Unfortunate

S O N.

NOW *Jack* must act his second part,
ye standers by give ear,
His actions i'le to you impart,
if you'l be pleas'd to hear.
His wife that I v'd him wondrous well,
and sav'd him from the Gallows,
Did die poor heart, as I heard tell
by many Countrey Fellows.
His Father-in-law did hate him sore,
He could not him abide;
So that he turn'd him out of doore
and thus with him did chide.
Thou whorson Varlet this he sed,
a blow thou didst me give
Upon my head, all in my bed,
'tis wonder I could live.
And if thou shouldst live longer here,
I swear by this good light,
Thou wouldst each day put me in fear
I should be killed quite:
And therefore to prevent the worst
i'le put thee now away,
Too long thou knave I have thee nurs'd,
no longer shalt thou stay.

The Unfortunate Son.

But for because I lov'd thy Mate
which was my daughter dear,
I will give thee a suit compleat
a Cloak and all most rare:

Shift for thy self then if thou can,

Jack gave his Father thanks,

Now Jack he is a Gentleman,

and played many pranks.

Jack had not gone past halfe a mile,

but he a house did find,

And Knocked at the door a while

to ease his troubled mind.

The woman of the house came down

a lusty Brwd and Old,

What wouldst thou have qd. she thou

thou Knockest here so bold.

A service mistress quoth this fool

a service do I lack,

I hear you keep a Vaulting School,

my name is called Jack.

Now welcom honest Jack quoth she,

a service thou shalt have,

Come up the stairs poor Jack with me,

I will maintain thee brave.

When as poor Jack the Renters saw,

that were above the stairs,

One of them then his Knife did draw

and cut off both his ears. (men

Down stairs Jack runs from those bad

full of grief and fear,

Into a house of Office then,

he

The Unfortunate Jan!

he thought to hide him there;
The boards did break asunder straight,
and down poor Jack fell in,
And being down, he with his weight
sunk up unto the chin.
To call for help in that foul place
he thought it was in vain,
For none would pity his sad case,
but thus he did complain,
Hard hearted Father my worst foe,
to turn me out of doors,
That I should be abused so
by such base Knaves and Whores.
My ears alas now I have lost,
in midst this deadly strife,
And in this privy am so crost,
i'm like to lose my life.
All day till night poor Jack did stand
in that same pitions pickle,
Those rogues would lend no helping
but laught till they did tickle. (hand
About midnight a Bear broke loose,
was hunger-bitten sore,
Hearing the groans of this poor Goose
rood and began to roar,
Thinking for to devour poor Jack
to fill his hungry maw.
For why the Bear did V. stuals Jack,
and there thrust in his paw,
Fast by the paw Jack took the Bear,

The Unfortunate Son.

the Bear did draw Jack out,
And being filled with great fear
did run the town about.
The Bear thought Jack the Devil had bin
but Jack was wondrous glad,
The Bear to roar doth now begin,
As if he had been mad :
The townsmen up in arms did rise,
they know not what to think,
Fough, Fough, the people all then cries
so beastly Jack did stink,
Into the Church Jack straight did creep
within a tomb he lay :
And there he thought poor lad to sleep,
till it was break of day.
Wishing he from himself could flee
if such a thing might be,
Or in that tomb he there might die
to end his misery.
In the mean time the Priest then went
unto the Church with speed,
To rob the tomb was his intent
more mischief for to breed ;
For he had heard some money lay
under a dead mans head,
Quoth he i'll fetch it thence away,
he cannot see that's dead.
Jack could not tell now what to think
this did fear him fore,
And now he did begin to stink
worse then he did before.

The

The Unfortunate Son.

The Priest came down for to deceive
the dead man in the tomb,
He never said, Jack by your leave,
lie further make more room,
Into the tomb he thrust his foot,
not thinking to be tain,
Now master Priest it is no boot
to pull it back again,
For Jack will serve you as he serv'd
the hungry Bear before,
But master Priest you are not starv'd
yet Jack will make you roar,
Jack held him fast, the Priest cry'd out
good dead man do not so,
I thought you had not been so stout
and dead so long ago.
I am come to rob you fir I say,
ten pound I hear you have,
And what should dead men do I pray,
with money in the grave.
Jack nothing said, but let him go,
and both of them were glad,
But Jack now of the money doth know,
for joy he's almost mad.
He seeks about and there doth find
ten pounds within a bag;
Which gives him comfort in his mind
and cause heretof to brag.
O now quoth Jack my Father shall know
for him I little care,

The Unfortunate Son.

Since I find mony here below,
no longer Ile despair.
Now Jack goes forth by break of day,
his mony he will keep,
A thief came by and stole away
his mony while he did sleep:
Jack wak'd and found his mony gone,
and much was griev'd therefore,
Quoth Jack I can but be undone
and so I was before:
Now Jack into a brook is gone,
to wash his Cloaths that did stinky
Although poor he was undone
well of himself did think
And yet the loss of his poor ears
did grieve him very sore,
He was a Serving man he swears
but he'l. be so no more
He'll be a Husband-man again,
to plow and cart will go
And like the thrash all kind of grain,
this he's resolv'd to do:
A Country man a daughter had,
and she was pretty trim,
Jack did dwell with her good Dad,
her Father hired him.
He set him for to thrash his corn
and he great paine did take,
For he rose early in the morn,
wrought till his bones did ache.

The Unfortunate Son.

His breeches 'twixt his legs were torn,
his whim-whams they hung out,
And Jack he spoke these words in scorn,
gep, are you grown so stout.
No marvel sure, and pray wherefore
doth provender prick you so
That you have broke the stable door,
ho Bal ho.

Now still when he to threshing fell
his whim-whams bobbed out,
Just like the clapper of a bell,
so strong was he and stout.
Mean while his Masters daughter came
to see their servants work,
But Jack was senceless of his shame
and desperate as a Turk,
What things are they kind friend qd. she
that dingle dangle hang,
My marking irons Maid qd. he,
as good as ere did twang.
Your marking irons said the Maid,
what do you with them,
Mark maids with them then Jack he sed
and answered with a hem:
What will you take for marking me,
it must be understood,
Five shillings is the least quoth he
my irons are very good, (glad
Five shillings he had, which made him
and he was pleased also:

The Unfortunate Son.

It was the best money she said
that ever she did bestow,
I pray quoth she mark me again,
five shillings more i'll give,
Jack makes a trade of marking then
and bravely he did live :
But what with marking and thrashing too,
poor Jack so weary grows,
He able was no more to do
but streight to bed he goes.
Now Jack a Gentleman may be
if fortune on him smile,
But she that was both frank and free,
at last did him beguile.
For when as Jack in bed doth sleep,
his pockets then she picks,
And down the stairs she softly creep,
so these were her sly tricks.
So that was hers, was his by grant,
and hers again by cheat,
O may they never thrive but want,
who useth such deceit :
Next morning when as Jack awakes,
and found his money gone,
Although his heart a little akes
his grief was quickly done.
For though he did not know the thief
which now had made him poor,
He knew she would yield him relief,
and he desir'd no more.

Now

The Unfortunate Son.

Now five mile off there was a Fair
and Jack with her must go,
Because she knew he had good ware
for she had found it so.
A horse they have, the dogs they bark,
away with speed they ride,
But she must light still to be mark
and must not be deny'd:
Forty shillings he got out-right,
he must be at her call,
He got by day, and lost by night
she couzend him of all,
But Jack was so tyred God wot
with marking her that day,
A stone into his pocket got,
as I did hear some say:
And riding by a little brook
he let the stone fall down,
Whereat she angry then did look
and on him she did frown,
What's that that's fallen from you qud she
some thing from you did fall,
It was my marking irons quoth he,
with that she then did braul;
Your marking irons I would not lose
for forty pound I say;
Lets light, and pull off our hose and shoes
and look them while we may;
He lights then to give her content
and they a wading fall,

And

The Unfortunate Saw.

And in the brook much time they spent
to no purpose at all.
Mean while a labouring man came by,
and aske them what they sought,
Quoth she my marking-irons truly,
which I so dear have bought:
I'll help to seek for them quoth he,
if you'll give me content:
I will give thee a groat quoth she
so he a wading went,
So now a wading did they go,
with feet, and hands, and eyes,
And whatsoever they did do
the woman she was wise,
For though her marking-irons was spent
she found another pair,
Which might give her as good content,
but 'twas the poor mans ware:
Fast hold at last she took thereon,
the poor mans case was bad,
Hold, hold quoth he I am padone
what mistress are you mad?
They are my marking-irons quoth he,
let go if you be wise,
For if my wife should come and see,
she'd claw out both your eyes.
He pa'd and she pu'd so and fro
which when so Jack 'twas known,
Quoth he, give over, now let go
for I have found my own.

Now

The Unfortunate Son.

Now Jack did stand the poor mans
let no man at him scoff, (friend
Had he not been sure in the end
she would have pul'd them off :
Here is a groat quoth she for thee
why are you discontent,
Pox take you and your groat quoth he,
and so away he went.
Well now she must be mark'd again
since he his irons have found,
But Jack did tell her flat and plain
the water did them confound :
And they had lost their vertue quite
so homewards then they went,
But she was vexed all that night
and slept in discontent.
But now she prov'd with Child
which fil'd Jacks heart with fear,
For now poor Jack went to the pot
as you shall shortly hear,
Her Father kept a mighty stir,
and she to him did say
That it was Jack that marked her
and offered her fair play,
His marking-irons I found were good,
he never urged me,
Then if the case be understood
the fault lies all in me,
You Queen quoth he, I'll knock you
if that you take his part, (down
Father

The Unfortunate Son.

Father quoth she pray do not frowne
for he is my sweet heart.

His marking irons were good quoth she
no wench can better have,

Ple spoil his marking irons, quoth he,
and mark him for a knave:

With that he fell upon *Jack's* bones,
and curst all ill-bred boxes,

He with a knife cut out his stones
then turn'd him out of doors.

Jack bid a pox take all his foes,
wondrous weak and sore,

For he could never I suppose
mark wenches any more,

Quoth *Jack* what will me betide;
'tis wormwood mixt with gall,

I have lost my ears and stones beside
which grieves me worst of all.

To seek my fortune I must go,
and keep all close and sure,

For if the Wench should it know
they'l never me endure.

Jack with an Usurer then met,
that lackt a man he said,

Who to his belly was in debt,
and never kept a Maid,

And that is not amiss quoth *Jack*,
I shall not be disgrac'd,

Since I my marking-irons lack,
and stones be now uncast;

The Unfortunate Son.

The Usurer said be not afraid,
you shall have ease flood store,
I have not had a fire made,
these seven long years and more :
You shall have ease enough my friend
get victuals where you can,
Surfeits you know have been the end
of many an honest man.

Which to prevent now thank me for't
i'lle physick you with hunger,
Your dyet shall be thin and short
that you may live the longer.

Jack willing was and did agree,
and fetcht a sigh full sore,
It cannot sure be worse with me
then it hath been before.

I have no more ears nor stones to lose
I have gone through much strife,
This man can me no more abuse
unless I lose my life.

Jack with his matter homewards goes
he lik'd him wondrous well,
One that could endure woes,
or with him could not dwell :

Jack hast din'd to day quoth he,
no master quoth the Bore,
I have a piece of Cheeke for thee,
three years old or more,

A piece of good Rye bread also,
'twill serve poor folk my Jack :

To

The Unfortunate Slave

To twenty houses mayst thou go
and such good victuals lack.
Jacka grinding then did fall,
a crum he would not leese,
His teeth were loose even all
with gnawing that hard cheese,
Two of his teeth Jack broke poor lad
the cheese it was so hard,
His fortune still it was so bad
and none did him regard.
His master sup and din'd abroad
with Samon, Place and Gungor,
Whilst Jack at home kept his abode
almost starv'd with hunger.
His Master lockt the victuals in
a Chest as I hear say,
His bones were seen through his skin
he was so fallen away.
At length by chance a Key he found
that opened the Chest,
Then did his joy so much abound
that cannot be exrest:
To gnawing of the cheese he fell
just like a hungry Mouse,
Hard hap with such a man to dwell,
or live in such a house.
The man did still his Chest fast find,
his cheese much gnawed been,
Which made him think 'twas broke be-
and that the Mice crept in.
A hind,
But

The Unfortunate Son.

But when he found it was not so,
but that the Chest was whole,
The man was much amazed though
he did his case condole.
And some mistrust of Jack he had
that he had a false Key,
Jack's fortune ever was so bad
yet nothing would he say.
Jack knew not what to think of this;
the danger to prevent,
He thought it not to be a mis
when as to bed he went :
To keep the Key within his mouth
he thought the surest place :
If he lookt there, quoth he in sooth
I hold him wondrous base :
The Key is hollow, you must know
and kept a hissing there,
And Jack was much to blame I tro,
his Master did him hear :
Just like a Snake or Serpent fell,
a hissing there it made,
He thought it was the Devil in Hell
it made him sore afraid.
He in the dark a Cudgel takes,
and with that Cudgel can'd him,
Jack soundly sleeps and never wakes
till he had almost brain'd him,
O murther, murther, Jack doth cry,
help neighbours help with speed,

The Unfortunate Son.

For of your help assuredly
there never was more need.
Then Hob and Lop, and Cob and Bob,
came running all amain,
Thinking some thieves this man did rob,
or he by them was slain.
Jacks master told them how it was
what hissing then was there ;
How Jack did do it like an ass
on purpose him to fear,
When they were gone he found the Key,
and then in hate and spight
He furiously turn'd Jack away
at twelve a Clock at night.
The night was dark as any pitch
the waies were foul and deep,
And Jack he fell into a Ditch
which made him for to weep.
Hard hearted master, Jack he said,
hard hearted Father too,
By whom my life is now betray'd
alas what shall I do ?
He in the mud did stick so fast,
he of his life did doubt,
But he with struggling at the last
with much ado got out.
At length into a Barn he creeps,
round beset with grief,
And as he sits him down and weeps,
he's taken for a thief.

The Unfortunate Son.

Poor Jack is beaten piteously
by the good man and his wife,
He wishes now that he might die,
he's weary of his life.
For he had lost his ears God wor,
his marking-irons beside ?
Who knows what will be his next lot,
or what will him betide ?
He creeps into a hollow tree
and there he sleeps all night,
Hoping now he should be free
from all mens hate and spight :
Next day a blind man Jack did spy
a begging in the town,
Who lived upon the charity
of People up and down.
Jack offered his service then,
the blind mans man to be,
To lead and guide him now and then,
from dangers him to free.
The blind man he was well content
poor Jack was eas'd of grief,
So joyfully away they went,
to beg for some relief,
One lack't his ears and eke his stones,
the other lack't his eyes,
They to the people made their mones
with lamentable cries.
The women they do Jack desie,
the blind man Viduals had,

The Unfortunate Son.

Poor Jack had all the injury
his fortune is so bad.
Want's Members man the Women said,
go hang thee if thou wilt,
We never use to help or aid
a man we know is Gelt.
Now Jack hood biting of his thumb
the blind had all the meat,
He would not give poor Jack a crumb
but what he could not eat ;
Pox take the Rogue dismembred me
now this was poor Jacks note,
I shall be starv'd for ought I see
they'd better cut my throat.
The blind man laughs, and Jack laments
he knew not what to say,
But being fill'd with discontents
he sadly walkt his way ;
He leads the blind man by the hand
sometimes against a post,
And saies if hee'd be better man'd
he must not brag and boast.
The blind man he poor Jack did beat,
and so began the fray,
And the contention wondrous great
as they walkt on the way;
Thou whorson Clown the blind man sed
I should have more than thee,
Thou by thy labour mayst be sed
thou seest I cannot see,

Blind

The Unfortunate Son.

Blind man quoth Jack regard my cries,
as Heaven doth my groans,
Had I not better want my eies
than want my ears and stones.
For thou getst victuals every where
and keeps me with the smell,
Because forsooth thou hast the ware
which women love too well.
Thou whorson Kave the blind man said,
were thy behaviour fair,
Your head with ears had been arrai'd,
and thou hadst had thy ware.
Quoth Jack I have been forward still
all women do it know,
Then why should I for my-good will
be thus abused so.
Over a bridge now hey they go,
Jack still must be his guide,
Quoth Jack i'le now revenged be,
so led him quite beside.
Into the River fell the blind,
the lame away did run,
Had not a man to him been kind,
the blind had been undone :
Now Jack is glad, the blind man mad,
no boot for Jack to stay,
For Jack did think his case was bad
which made him run away. (drown'd
He thought the blind man had been
so over hedge and ditch

He

The Unfortunate Son.

He ran with speed, at last he found
an old decayed witch ;
Woman quoth Jack pray can you tell
the way to Paradise,
For I have been too long in hell,
I now fain would be wise.
And hast thou been in hell quoth she
to heaven thou canst not go,
I prethee friend take that from me
no fools come there we know:
But if you will my servant be,
I will maintain you well,
If thou be pleasing unto me,
I'll make thee free of hell ;
Jack lookt upon his Mistis well
and knew not what to think,
She looks like one came out of hell,
and did of brimstone stink :
But what of that he would her serve,
his fortune was so evil,
For since that he is like to starve
he did not fear the Devil.
She gave him then her Livery,
a Bears skin all of hair,
Now Jack is in his bravery
and lookt just like a bear :
A mist before his eies she laid
he thought 'twas cloath of gold,
Now Jack would go abroad he said
that men might him behold,

With

The Unfortunate Son.

With arms a kembal he went forth,
began to vaunt and roar,
And thought his cloak for to be worth
a hundred pound or more:
The boyes began to hoot a pace,
the men began to jeer,
The women mockt him to his face,
and call'd him ugly Bear.
You base inferior scabs quoth he
now know you what you do,
But since that you but dunghills be,
I now will pardon you,
But when the Dogs at last began
to smell his Livery cloak,
They took him for a bear, no min,
and so upon him broke.
They rent his cloak from off his back
and bit him piteously,
And thus poor Jack did go to wrack
at length from them did fly:
The people of the town did run
to bring him back again,
O now quoth Jack I am undone,
I fear I shall be slain;
Quoth Jack I think that mad you be
to be with me so bold,
That you should set your dogs at me
and tear my cloak of Gold:
Thou mad man quoth the people then,
what humour art thou in,
For to disturb us honest men, with

The Unfortunate Son.

with a Bears ugly skin :

Quoth Jack i'le tell both great and small
what hapned unto me,

And so he up and told them all
himself from strife to free,

He told them there close by a Pool,
all his misfortunes bad,

They took him then but for a Fool,
or one that had been mad,

They banisht him I understand,
into an island far,

Where Knaves and Fools do bear com-
and 'gainst each other war.

*And for all these things underwritten
Jack was ordered to be banished.*

Item, For asking service at a Baudyhouse.

Item, For losing his Ears.

Item, For falling into the house of office.

Item, For scaring the Bear.

Item, For scaring the Priest, (the tomb)

Item, For losing the ten pound found in

Item, For losing his Mark-irons.

Item, For scaring the Usurer his master.

Item, For throwing the blind man his
master into the River.

Item, For scaring the people of the town
with his Bears skin, which was the
cause of his banishment into the isle of
Fools and Knaves.

FINIS.

My dear Mother



A